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Review of New Books.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE.

Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1819-20, in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the Orders of William Edward Parry, R. N., F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix, containing the Scientific and other Observations. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. pp. 489. London, 1821.

It has been the good fortune of Captain Parry, in his late voyage to the Arctic regions, to prove one grand exception to a maxim of the bard who 'was not for an age but for all time,' when he says,—

'The ample provision that Hope makes
In all designs began on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness.'

We believe there are few persons in the least acquainted with the subject, who have read a narrative of the various voyages undertaken, under every possible circumstance, to discover a north-west passage, and who have seen that Captain Ross fixed an impenetrable barrier in the very place beyond which it was desired to penetrate, could have expected discoveries so important, and success so complete, as Captain Parry has achieved. The publication of his work has been looked to with the utmost anxiety, and although it has been long delayed, yet we think that its perusal will, in this instance, confirm the assertion of a dramatic poet* of no great eminence, that—

'Hopes long desir'd bring the greatest joy.'

The narrative of Captain Parry is all that we could wish: it is well written—circumstantial without being tedious, explicit without being commonplace, and interesting without the least art or attempt at effect.

His object has been to give a plain and faithful account of the facts which he collected, and the observations which

were made by himself and his officers, in the course of the voyage, leaving to others to make their deductions from those facts. The narrative is taken principally from the official journal kept by Captain Parry, on board the Hecla, and always, (as he tells us in his introduction,) written within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of the event recorded in it. In several instances, however, he has availed himself of the journals or reports furnished by the other officers, in all which cases the obligation is acknowledged, and the individual mentioned who has supplied the account.

To the readers of the *Literary Chronicle* it cannot be necessary to enter into any account of the discoveries made in the arctic regions previous to the expedition of Captain Parry, as these have been already detailed in our preceding numbers, to which we must refer*. The official instructions to Captain Parry, (a copy of which he has prefixed to his work,) were, that he should make the best of his way to Davis's Strait, and, when the ice was sufficiently open to admit his approach to the western shores of the strait, that he should advance to the northward, as far as the opening into Sir James Lancaster's Sound; explore the bottom of that sound,—pass through it, if possible, and get to Behring's Straits. Should he fail in making a passage through this sound, he was to examine Alderman Jones's Sound, and if he could not pass through it, then to try Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, in every part of it. Should he fail here also, he was to return to the southward, down Baffin's Bay, and endeavour to make way through Cumberland's Strait, or any opening that might lead him to the seas adjoining the eastern or northern coast of America, and pursue his voyage along that coast, to the northward or westward, to Behring's Straits. Although this was the order in which the various attempts were recommended by the Admiralty to be made, yet Captain Parry had the

discretionary power to make them in such order as appeared to him most advantageous. We may observe, *en passant*, that Captain Parry, following the orders of the Admiralty, first attempted to pass through Lancaster Sound, and succeeded. If he had accomplished his passage through Behring's Strait, he was then to proceed to Kamtschatka, and send from thence, through the Russian governor, a duplicate of his journals to London. From Kamtschatka, he was to proceed to the Sandwich Islands or Canton, or any other place he might think proper, to refit the ships and refresh the crews, and then to return to England, by such route as he might deem most convenient. Captain Parry was also allowed to winter in the arctic regions, if he deemed it necessary. He was directed to make such observations as might tend to the improvement of astronomy, geography, and navigation; and to collect and preserve such specimens of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, as he might meet with. The Lords of the Admiralty, relying with a just and liberal confidence on the well-known zeal and talents of Captain Parry, left much to his discretion and judgment.

Such being the objects of the expedition, we shall now proceed to notice the most important circumstances that attended it. The Hecla and Griper, the first commanded by Captain (then Lieutenant) Parry, and the latter by Lieutenant Liddon, had been prepared with great attention for the voyage; and every thing that could be necessary, either for the scientific objects of the expedition or the safety and comfort of the crew, were liberally provided. The number of persons engaged on board both vessels were ninety-four.

The seamen had, most of them, been in Captain Ross's voyage; and every individual had double the ordinary pay of his Majesty's navy. The two vessels sailed from the Nore on the 10th of May, 1819; and, on the 18th of June, when about latitude 58° 52', and longitude 48° 12', they fell in with the first

* See *Literary Chronicle*, Nos. 80, 81, 83, and 84.

'stream' of ice, and soon afterwards they saw several icebergs. On the evening of the 24th, some curious effects of atmospheric refraction were observed, the low ice being at times considerably raised in the horizon, and constantly altering its appearance. The next day, the ice through which they had been towing, closed together so rapidly, that the crews had scarcely time to hoist up the boats before the ships were immovably beset. 'It is impossible,' says Captain Parry, 'to conceive a more helpless situation than that of a ship thus beset, when all the power that can be applied will not alter the direction of her head a single degree of the compass.' Some of the gentlemen walked a mile or two from the ships, and imagined they saw marks of a sledge on the ice, but in this, Captain Parry thinks they were mistaken. The ships remained locked in the ice until the 30th, when they were able to move them a little. 'A southerly swell dashing the loose ice with tremendous force against the bergs, sometimes raised a white spray over the latter, to the height of more than one hundred feet, and being accompanied with a loud noise, exactly resembling the roar of distant thunder, presented a scene at once sublime and terrific.' On the 4th of July, the *Hecla* attempting to push through the ice, was for some time at the mercy of a swell of the ocean, which drifted her fast towards the bergs, but she was, fortunately, brought back into clear water. They were now near the middle of the narrowest part of Davis's Straits, and had the opportunity of confirming the accuracy of that celebrated and able navigator. Streams of the purest water were often found flowing from the icebergs, and from this time to the end of the voyage, snow-water was exclusively made use of on board the ships for every purpose. During the summer months it was found in abundance in pools, upon the floes and icebergs, and in the winter, snow was dissolved in the copper for their daily consumption. On the 20th of July, the ships crossed a stream of ice, of which the breadth scarcely exceeded three hundred yards, and which occupied them constantly for five hours. The next day they drifted towards an iceberg, which was one hundred and forty feet high, and which, from the soundings made near it, must have been a-ground in one hundred and twenty fathoms, so that its whole height was about eight hundred and sixty feet. Of this iceberg, Captain

Parry gives a view, which is awfully grand, from a sketch by Lieutenant Beechey. In the course of the voyage they frequently had to saw through masses of ice; but they sometimes ran through 'bay-floes, which were from four to six inches thick, ploughing up the ice before the ship's stem, at the rate of five miles an hour:—

'If they were not very broad, the *Hecla* did not lose her way in passing through them. Frequently, however, she was stopped in the middle, which made it necessary to saw and break the ice a-head, till she made another start, and having run a short distance in clear water, was again imbedded in the same manner. We (says the author) passed one field of ice about ten feet in thickness and many miles in length, as we could not see over it from the mast head.'

On the 28th of July, the ships had passed every impediment which obstructed their passage into Sir James Lancaster's Sound. The breadth of the barrier of ice, which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay, and which had never before been crossed in this latitude at the same season, was eighty miles in a N. 63° W. direction. Captain Parry expresses it as his opinion, that, by taking advantage of every little opening that is afforded, a strong built vessel, of proper size and weight, may, in most seasons, be pushed through this barrier. Sir James Lancaster's Sound was now open to the westward, and the two best months in the year, for the navigation of these seas, were yet to come.

On the 1st of August Captain Parry entered Lancaster's Sound, which has obtained much celebrity from the very opposite opinions which have been held with regard to it. To him it was particularly interesting, as being the point to which his instructions more particularly directed his attention. On the 2nd, they sounded with the deep sea clams, and found 1050 fathoms by the line; but as, where the soundings exceed five or six hundred fathoms, there is some uncertainty, Captain Parry supposes the actual depth to have been from eight to nine hundred fathoms. Sir George Hope's monument, which had been thought an island in the former voyage, was now discovered to be a dark-looking and conspicuous hill on the main land. On the 30th, the *Hecla* had gained somewhat on the Griper, and was in lat. 74° 25' 31," long. 80° 04' 30." Of the enthusiasm which now animated the crew, Captain Parry thus speaks:—

'Being favoured, at length, by the easterly breeze which was bringing up the Griper, and for which we had long been looking with much patience, a crowd of sail was set, to carry us with all rapidity to the westward. It is more easy to imagine than describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crew's nest were received; all, however, hitherto favourable to our most sanguine hopes.'

On the following day, they came near two inlets, in lat. 74° 15' 53," N. long. 86° 30' 30"; these they named Burnet's Inlet and Stratton Inlet. The cliffs on this part of the coast present a singular appearance, being stratified horizontally, and having a number of regular projecting masses of rock, broad at the bottom, and coming to a point at the top, resembling so many buttresses raised by art at equal intervals. Some islands, to which the name of Prince Leopold was given, were also stratified horizontally, but without the buttress-like projections.

From the time that Capt. Parry first entered Lancaster's Sound, the sluggishness of the compasses, as well as the amount of their irregularity, had been found to increase rapidly though uniformly. The irregularity became more and more obvious as they advanced to the southward. By observation they found, that when the true course of the *Hecla* was about S. S. W., the binnacle and azimuth compasses at the same time agreed in shewing N. N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., making the variation to be allowed on that course, eleven points and a half westerly. It was evident, therefore, that a very material change had taken place in the dip or the variation, or in both these phenomena, which rendered it probable that they were making a very near approach to the magnetic pole.

'We now, therefore,' says Captain Parry, 'witnessed, for the first time, the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the needle becoming so weak, as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship; so that the needle might now be properly said to point to the north pole of the ship. It was only, however, in those compasses in which the lightness of the cards, and great delicacy in the suspension, had been particularly attended to, that even this degree of uniformity pre-

vailed; for, in the heavier cards, the friction upon the points of suspension was much too great to be overcome even by the ship's attraction, and they consequently remained indifferently in any position in which they happened to be placed. For the purposes of navigation, therefore, the compasses were from this time no longer consulted; and, in a few days afterwards, the binnacles were removed as useless lumber, from the deck to the carpenter's store-room, where they remained during the rest of the season, the azimuth compass alone being kept on deck, for the purpose of watching any changes which might take place in the directive power of the needle: and the true courses and direction of the wind were in future noted in the log-book, as obtained to the nearest quarter-point, when the sun was visible, by the azimuth of that object and the apparent time.

On the following day (the 8th of August), the directive power of the magnet seemed to be weaker than ever; for the North Pole of the needle, in Captain Kater's steering compass, in which the friction is almost entirely removed by a thread suspension, was observed to point steadily towards the ship's head, in whatever direction the latter was placed. An accidental circumstance convinced Captain Parry that there was no current setting constantly in one direction. A small piece of wood was picked up, which appeared to have been the end of a boat's yard, and which caused sundry amusing speculations among the gentlemen on board, who felt rather mortified to think that a ship had been there before them, and that, therefore, they were not entitled to the honour of the first discovery. A stop was suddenly put to this and other ingenious inductions, by the information of one of the seamen that he had dropped it out of his boat a fortnight before.

The vessels continued their progress, and several bays, capes, and headlands were discovered, and received names by the voyagers. On the 22nd they had a clear and extensive view to the northward, free from ice; and they now felt that they had actually entered the Polar Sea. The magnificent opening, through which their passage had been effected, from Baffin's Bay to a channel dignified with the name of Wellington, was called Barrow's Straits, after the Secretary of the Admiralty.

In latitude $75^{\circ} 03' 12''$ long. $103^{\circ} 44' 37''$, an island was discovered, and Captain Sabine, with two other officers, landed on it near the east point, which was called Cape Gillman. The

gentlemen reported, on their return, that—

'The remains of Esquimaux habitations were found in four different places. Six of these, which Captain Sabine had an opportunity of examining, and which are situated on a level sandy bank, at the side of a small ravine near the sea, are described by him as consisting of stones rudely placed in a circular or rather elliptical form. They were from seven to ten feet in diameter; the broad flat sides of the stones standing vertically, and the whole structure, if such it may be called, being exactly similar to that of the summer huts of the Esquimaux, which had been seen at Hare Island, the preceding year. Attached to each of them was a small circle, generally four or five feet in diameter, which had probably been the fire-place.'

The whole encampment appeared to have been deserted for several years; but very recent traces of the rein-deer and musk-ox were seen in many places. The steering of the vessels now became very difficult, and, says our author:—

'The circumstances under which we were sailing, were, perhaps, such as never occurred since the early days of navigation. To the northward was the land; the ice, as we supposed, to the southward; the compasses useless; and the sun completely obscured by a fog, so thick that the Griper could only now and then be seen, at a cable's length astern. We had literally, therefore, no mode of regulating our course but by once more trusting to the steadiness of the wind; and it was not a little amusing, as well as novel, to see the quarter-master conning the ship by looking at the dog vane.'

On the 2nd of September a star was seen, being the first that had been visible for more than two months. Two days afterwards, namely, on the 4th, at a quarter past nine P. M., the ships crossed the meridian of 110° west from Greenwich, in the latitude of $74^{\circ} 44' 20''$, by which they were entitled to the reward of £5000. In order to commemorate the event, a bluff headland that they had just passed was called Bounty Cape. On the following day they dropped anchor, for the first time since quitting the English coast, in a roadstead, which was called the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, and the crews landed on the largest of a groupe of islands, which was called Melville Island. 'The ensigns and pendants,' says Capt. Parry, 'were hoisted as soon as we had anchored, and it created in us no ordinary feelings of pleasure to see the British flag waving, for the first time, in these regions, which had hitherto been considered beyond the limits of the habitable part of the world.'—They did not

remain here many days, before parties ventured on shooting excursions, and three men, who had missed their way, were absent ninety-one hours, and exposed during three nights to the inclemency of the weather.

Captain Parry still attempted to gain a passage to the westward, and succeeded in getting along the coast of Melville Island to some distance, but there being no hope of penetrating further at that season, and the ice setting in very rapidly, he was induced to return to Hecla and Griper Bay, which he regained on the 24th of September. It was now necessary to cut a canal through the ice, and to draw the ships up it into the harbour. Two parallel lines were cut, distant from each other little more than the breadth of the large ships, and the ice then divided into rectangular pieces, which were again subdivided diagonally, and floated out of the canal. It was afterwards found necessary to sink the pieces of ice under the floe as they were cut. At three o'clock, of the third day spent in these operations, the vessels reached their winter quarters, an event which was hailed with three hearty cheers by the united ships' crews. The group of islands that were discovered were called the North Georgian Islands.

The ships had now reached that station, where, in all probability, they were destined to remain for at least eight months, during three of which they were not to see the face of the sun. Every precaution was immediately taken for the security of the ships and the preservation of the various stores; the masts were dismantled, except the lower ones, and the planks of the housing erected, and afterwards roofed over with a cloth composed of wadding tilt. The crews of both vessels were in excellent health, which great care was still taken to preserve, by keeping the births and bed places as warm and dry as possible. The allowance of bread was reduced to two thirds; a pound of Donkin's preserved meat, together with one pint of vegetable or concentrated soup per man, was substituted for a pound of salt beef weekly; a proportion of beer and wine was served instead of spirits; and a small quantity of sour kroust and pickles, with as much vinegar as could be used, was issued at regular intervals. The daily proportion of lime juice and sugar, mixed with water, was drunk by each man, in presence of an officer appointed to attend to this duty. When any game was procured,

it was served in lieu of the established allowance of meat; and in no one instance, neither in quantity nor quality, was the slightest preference given to the officers.

In regard to clothing, equal attention was paid to the comfort of every individual on board; and, now being in a state of leisure and inactivity, Capt. Parry projected the amusements of a theatre, of which Lieut. Beechey was stage manager; and a weekly newspaper, to be called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, of which Captain Sabine undertook to be the editor. These had the happy effect of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect which would sometimes obtrude itself on the stoutest heart.

Some deer having been seen near the ships on the 10th of October, a party was despatched after them, and being led on by the ardour of pursuit, forgot Captain Parry's order that every person should be on board before sunset:—

'John Pearson, a marine belonging to the Griper, who was the last that returned on board, had his hands severely frost-bitten, having imprudently gone away without mittens, and with a musket in his hand. A party of our people most providentially found him, although the night was very dark, just as he had fallen down a steep bank of snow, and was beginning to feel that degree of torpor and drowsiness which, if indulged, inevitably proves fatal. When he was brought on board, his fingers were quite stiff, and bent into the shape of that part of the musket he had been carrying; and the frost had so far destroyed the animation in his fingers on one hand, that it was necessary to amputate three of them a short time after, notwithstanding all the care and attention paid to him by the medical gentlemen. The effect which exposure to severe frost has, in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was very striking in this man, as well as in two of the young gentlemen who returned after dark, and of whom we were anxious to make inquiries respecting Pearson. When I sent for them into my cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely. To those who have been much accustomed to cold countries, this will be no new remark; but I cannot help thinking, (and it is with this view that I speak of it,) that many a man may have been punished for intoxication, who was only suffering from the benumbing effects of frost; for I have more than once

seen our people in a state so exactly resembling that of the most stupid intoxication, that I should certainly have charged them with that offence, had I not been quite sure that no possible means were afforded them on Melville Island, to procure any thing stronger than snow-water.'

The 4th of November was the last day that the sun was seen above the horizon, but the weather was not sufficiently clear to allow the scientific gentlemen to make any observations on the disappearance of that cheering orb, 'of this great world both eye and soul.' The next day the theatre was opened, and *Miss in her Teens* performed; a new Christmas piece was also produced, with the most 'brilliant success,' as a London manager would say, though the director of the North Georgia Theatre announces the event more modestly. The circumstances under which the crews were situated being such as never before occurred, it cannot be uninteresting to know in what manner they passed their time, during three months of nearly total darkness, in the middle of a severe winter, and in a climate where Europeans never wintered before:—

'The officers and quarter-masters were divided into four watches, which were regularly kept, as at sea, while the remainder of the ship's company were allowed to enjoy their night's rest undisturbed. The hands were turned up at a quarter before six, and both decks were well rubbed with stones and warm sand before eight o'clock, at which time, as usual at sea, both officers and men went to breakfast. Three-quarters of an hour being allowed after breakfast for the men to prepare themselves for muster, we then beat to divisions punctually at a quarter past nine, when every person on board attended on the quarter-deck, and a strict inspection of the men took place, as to their personal cleanliness, and the good condition, as well as sufficient warmth, of their clothing. The reports of the officers having been made to me, the people were then allowed to walk about, or, more usually, to run round the upper deck, while I went down to examine the state of that below, accompanied, as I before mentioned, by Lieutenant Beechey and Mr. Edwards. The state of this deck may be said, indeed, to have constituted the chief source of our anxiety, and to have occupied by far the greatest share of our attention at this period. Whenever any dampness appeared, or, what more frequently happened, any accumulation of ice had taken place during the preceding night, the necessary means were immediately adopted for removing it; in the former case, usually by rubbing the wood with cloths, and then directing the warm air-pipe towards the place; and in

the latter, by scraping off the ice, so as to prevent its wetting the deck by any accidental increase of temperature. In this respect, the bed-places were particularly troublesome; the inner partition, or that next the ship's side, being almost invariably covered with more or less dampness or ice, according to the temperature of the deck during the preceding night. This inconvenience might, to a great degree, have been avoided, by a sufficient quantity of fuel to keep up two good fires on the lower deck, throughout the twenty-four hours; but our stock of coals would by no means permit this, bearing in mind the possibility of our spending a second winter within the Arctic circle; and this comfort could only, therefore, be allowed on a few occasions, during the most severe part of the winter.

'In the course of my examination of the lower deck, I had always an opportunity of seeing those few men who were on the sick list, and of receiving from Mr. Edwards a report of their respective cases; as also of consulting that gentleman as to the means of improving the warmth, ventilation, and general comfort of the inhabited parts of the ship. Having performed this duty, we returned to the upper deck, where I personally inspected the men; after which, they were sent out to walk on shore when the weather would permit, till noon, when they returned on board to their dinner. When the day was too inclement for them to take this exercise, they were ordered to run round and round the deck, keeping step to a tune on the organ, or, not unfrequently, to a song of their own singing. Among the men were a few who did not at first quite like this systematic mode of taking exercise; but when they found that no plea, except that of illness, was admitted as an excuse, they not only willingly and cheerfully complied, but made it the occasion of much humour and frolic among themselves.

'The officers, who dined at two o'clock, were also in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh wind and a heavy snow drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may be well imagined, that, at this period, there was but little to be met with in our walks on shore, which could either amuse or interest us. The necessity of not exceeding the limited distance of one or two miles, lest a snow-drift, which often rises very suddenly, should prevent our return, added considerably to the dull and tedious monotony which, day after day, presented itself. To the southward was the sea, covered with one unbroken surface of ice, uniform in its dazzling whiteness, except that, in some parts, a few hummocks were seen thrown up somewhat above the general level. Nor did the land offer much greater variety, being almost entirely covered with snow, except here and there a brown patch of bare ground

in some exposed situations, where the wind had not allowed the snow to remain. When viewed from the summit of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm clear days, which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object was to be seen on which the eye could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us,—a silence far different from that peaceable composure which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye or amusement to the mind, that a stone of more than usual size appearing above the snow, in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark, on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.

Leaving, for the present, our enterprising countrymen to pass their Christinas at New Georgia, we shall interrupt the narrative to notice Captain Parry's remarks as to the probable existence and accomplishment of a north-west passage into the Pacific Ocean. He says,—

‘Of the existence of such a passage, and that the outlet will be found in Behring's Strait, it is scarcely possible, on an inspection of the map, with the addition of our late discoveries, and in conjunction with those of Cook and Mackenzie, any longer to entertain a reasonable doubt. In discovering one outlet from Baffin's Bay into the Polar Sea, and finding that sea studded with numerous islands, another link has at least been added to the chain of evidence upon which geographers have long ventured to delineate the northern coast of America, by a dotted line from Icy Cape westward, to the rivers of Mackenzie and Hearne, and thence to the known part of the coast to the north of Hudson's Bay, in the neighbourhood of Wager River; while, at the same time, considerable progress has been made towards the actual accomplishment of the desired passage, which has for nearly three centuries engaged the attention of the maritime nations of Europe.

‘The success which attended our efforts during the season of 1819, after passing through Sir James Lancaster's Sound, was such as to inspire even the least sanguine among us with reasonable

hope of the complete accomplishment of our enterprise, before the close of the next season. In entertaining such a hope, however, we had not rightly calculated on the severity of the climate with which we had to contend, and on the consequent shortness of the season, (not exceeding seven weeks,) in which it is possible to perform the navigation of that part of the Polar Sea. Although it must be admitted, that there is something peculiar about the south-west end of Melville Island, extremely unfavourable to navigation, yet it is also certain, that the obstructions we met with from ice, both as to its thickness and extent, were found generally to increase, as we proceeded westward, after passing through Barrow's Strait. That we should find this to be the case, might perhaps have been reasonably anticipated, because the proximity to a permanently open sea appears to be the circumstance which, of all others, tends the most to temper the severity of the Polar regions, in any given parallel of latitude. On this account I should always expect to meet with the most serious impediments about mid-way, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and having once passed that barrier, I should as confidently hope to find the difficulties lessen in proportion as we advanced towards the latter sea; especially as it is well known, that the climate of any given parallel on that side of America is, no matter from what cause, very many degrees more temperate than on the eastern coast.

‘But, although it is evident, that climate does not wholly depend on latitude, but on other circumstances also, (principally, perhaps, those of locality above-mentioned,) yet it can scarcely be doubted that, on any meridian to the north of America, for instance, 114° west, where we were stopped, the general climate would be found somewhat better, and the navigable season longer, in the latitude of 69° than in that of 75°, near which we wintered. For this reason, it would perhaps be desirable, that ships endeavouring to reach the Pacific by this route, should keep, if possible, on the coast of America, and the lower in latitude that coast may be found, the more favourable will it prove for this purpose.

‘Our experience, I think, has clearly shewn that the navigation of the Polar Seas can never be performed with any degree of certainty, without a continuity of land. It was only by watching the occasional openings between the ice and the shore, that our late progress to the westward was effected; and had the land continued in the desired direction, there can be no question that we should have continued to advance, however slowly, towards the completion of our enterprise. In this respect, therefore, as well as in the improvement to be expected in the climate, there would be a manifest advantage in making the attempt on the coast of America, where we are sure that the land

will not fail us. The probability of obtaining occasional supplies of wood, game, and anti-scorbutic plants; the chance of being enabled to send information by means of the natives; and the comparative facility with which the lives of the people might be saved, in case of serious and irreparable accidents happening to the ships, are also important considerations, which naturally serve to recommend this route. Should the sea on the coast of America be found moderately deep, and shelving towards the shore, (which, from the geological character of the known parts of the continent to the south, and of the Georgian Islands to the north, there is reason to believe would be the case for a considerable distance to the westward), the facility of navigation would be much increased, on account of the grounding of the heavy masses of ice in water sufficiently deep to allow the ships to take shelter behind them, at such times as the floes close in upon the land. Farther to the westward, where the primitive formation, and perhaps even a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, is to be expected, a steep and precipitous shore would probably occur, a circumstance which the foregoing narrative has shewn to be attended with much comparative uncertainty and risk.

‘The question which naturally arises, in the next place, relates to the most likely means of getting to the coast of America, so as to sail along its shores. It would, in this respect, be desirable to find an outlet from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea, as nearly as possible in the parallel of latitude in which the northern coast of America may be supposed to lie; as, however, we do not know of any such outlet from Baffin's Bay, about the parallels of 69° to 70°, the attempt is, perhaps, to be made with better chance of success in a still lower latitude, especially as there is a considerable portion of coast that may reasonably be supposed to offer the desired communication, which yet remains unexplored. Cumberland Strait, the passage called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, lying between Southampton Island and the coast of America, and Repulse Bay, appear to be the points most worthy of attention; and, considering the state of uncertainty in which the attempts of former navigators have left us, with regard to the extent and communication of these openings, one cannot but entertain a reasonable hope, that one, or perhaps each of them, may afford a practicable passage into the Polar Sea.

‘So little, indeed, is known of the whole of the northern shore of Hudson's Strait, which appears, from the best information, to consist chiefly of islands, that the geography of that part of the world may be considered altogether undetermined; so that an expedition, which should be sent to examine those parts, would soon arrive upon ground never before visited, and in which, from an inspection of the map in its present state,

there certainly does seem more than an equal chance of finding the desired passage. It must be admitted, however, that any notions we may form upon this question, amount after all to no more than conjecture. As far as regards the discovery of another outlet into the Polar Sea, to the southward of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, it is evident that the enterprise is to be begun again; and we should be cautious, therefore, in entertaining too sanguine a hope of finding such a passage, the existence of which is still nearly as uncertain as it was two hundred years ago, and which possibly may not exist at all.

In the course of the foregoing narrative, it may have been remarked, that the westerly and north-westerly winds were always found to produce the effect of clearing the southern shores of the North Georgian islands of ice, while they always brought with them clear weather, which is essentially necessary in prosecuting discoveries in such a navigation. This circumstance, together with the fact of our having sailed back in six days from the meridian of Winter Harbour to the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, a distance which it required five weeks to traverse when going in the opposite direction, seems to offer a reasonable ground for concluding, that an attempt to effect the north-west passage might be made, with a better chance of success, from Behring's Strait, than from this side of America. There are some circumstances, however, which, in my opinion, render this mode of proceeding altogether impracticable, at least for British ships. The principal of these arises from the length of the voyage which must first be performed, in order to arrive at the point where the work is to be begun. After such a voyage, admitting that no serious wear and tear have been experienced, the most important part of a ship's resources, namely, the provisions and fuel, must be very materially reduced, and this without the possibility of renewing them, to the extent necessary for such a service, and which can alone give confidence in the performance of an enterprise of which the nature is so precarious and uncertain.

Nor should it be forgotten how injurious to the health of the crews, so sudden and extreme a change of climate would in all probability prove, as that which they must necessarily experience in going at once from the heat of the torrid zone into the intense cold of a long winter upon the northern shores of America. Upon the whole, therefore, I cannot but consider, that any expedition, equipped by Great Britain with this view, will act with greater advantage, by at once employing its best energies in the attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America, along its northern shore.

Although we shall return to this volume in our next, yet it may be necessary now to observe, that its em-

bellishments, which consist of twenty maps, charts, and other engravings, are of a very superior description; the dreary appearance which some of the plates present, and the situation of the ships, is truly terrific; but, in examining the charts, it is pleasant to trace the progress of our gallant countrymen in seas and regions hitherto unexplored. (To be continued.)

Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari. Translated from the Original MS. 8vo. 235. London, 1821.

IN the last number but one of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave a brief notice of the Carbonari, from Mr. Keppel Craven's work. The subject is one which has attracted great attention and much curiosity in Europe, and we are now happy in being able (as we hope) to gratify our readers by the volume before us, which contains the most interesting details of this very extraordinary and powerful institution. The author declares, that he never belonged to any secret society, not even to freemasonry, and it may, therefore, appear singular, how he has penetrated the mystery with which the Carbonari enveloped themselves. The fact is, that when the Carbonari of Naples had effected the revolution in July, 1820, they imagined that they had no cause for further concealment. 'They boasted of their success; they revealed their secret proceedings; they promulgated decrees, and posted up proclamations. The press multiplied their catechisms, the transactions of their societies, and the results of their deliberations.' It is from such sources that the author has drawn his materials; and he gives the titles of forty-seven books and pamphlets on the subject, to which he frequently refers in the course of the work. These Memoirs contain a plain inartificial narrative, without any strict methodical arrangement. For this the author apologizes, and declares, that he 'relies wholly on the interest of the subject, and on the consciousness of never having altered facts, to adopt them either to prejudice or theory.'

The existence of the Carbonari has been long known in Naples, but it was the late revolution which brought them into public notice. The practice of creating a state within a state, and of erecting secret tribunals to redress wrongs, has existed in all barbarous and turbulent times. It is of very ancient date in the kingdom of the two Sicilies. According to the Chronicles

of the Abbays of Fossa Nuova and of Monte Casino, a sect of presumptuous men, *de vanis hominibus*, arose. They took the name of avengers, *Vendicosi*, and did all the mischief in their power, not by day, but by night. At length, the grand master of the sect was hanged, and many of his partisans branded with a hot iron.

A second Sicilian Society, almost unknown to the rest of Europe, was called the Beati Paoli, and much resembled, in their motives and actions, the Free Knights in Germany. Persons of all ranks united themselves secretly, and proceeded against the great barons and the tribunals, whose power was such, that they were not to be reached openly. This institution, vicious and horrible in itself, did, however, produce some partially salutary effects, restraining the arbitrary licentiousness of the great, by the terror which it inspired. The punishments inflicted by the Beati Paoli were death by poison, or the dagger, mutilation, destruction of property by fire, and, for the slightest crimes or faults, the severest beating. The ramifications of this society were spread over the whole island; and a cavern is shown at Palermo, in a street called *de' Canceddi*, near the church of Santa Maria di Gesù, where they held their meetings. Neither the severest laws nor the heaviest penalties had any effect on the Beati Paoli, but the change in the state of society, and the improvement of manners, at length put an end to the association. A lively recollection of it, however, still remains among the Sicilians; and they often exclaim, on receiving an injury or loss, for which they cannot apply to justice, 'Ah, se fossero ancora i Beati Paoli!' Ah, if the Beati Paoli were still in being!

The Carbonari, anxious to be thought an old institution, derive the proofs of their antiquity from Germany. The necessity of mutual assistance, it is said, induced the colliers, (literally charcoal burners or charrers), who inhabit the vast forests of Germany, to unite themselves against robbers and enemies, and, by conventional signs, known only to themselves, they claimed and afforded mutual assistance. These associations, in the course of time, acquired more consistency, and spread themselves over Germany, France, and the Netherlands. The Society of Hewers (*Feudeurs*) resembled that of the colliers. Amongst their symbols of imitation, we find the trunk of an old tree, together with

other allusions to their occupations in the woods.

The Carbonari have a curious traditional story of their origin, which they trace to the time of Francis the First, King of France; and at their feasts, the grand master 'drinks to the health of Francis I., the founder of the order.' Whatever antiquity the Carbonari may claim, it is certain that they never rose to any importance, nor acted any conspicuous part until the French revolution. Their restoration is ascribed by the grand masters, at Naples, to an unknown officer, who had spent some time in Spain. The next efficient supporter of the sect (as they are called), was Maghella, a native of Genoa, who was originally employed in a counting-house, but afterwards became minister of police in the Ligurian Republic, and in favour with Murat, whom he advised to abandon Bonaparte before the Russian campaign, in 1812, and proclaim the independence of Italy. In 1815, Maghella endeavoured to rouse Italy to independence, and in the name of Murat, he organized the Papal provinces of which he had taken possession; and it was there that the lodges of the Carbonari were established. He then introduced the sect into Naples, assuring Murat that such an institution would draw the attention of the populace from the remembrance of their ancient sovereigns, and gain them over to the new order of things. The doctrine preached to the inhabitants of the Calabrias and the Abruzzi, was, however, adapted to their inclinations. 'It depended, for effect, on the two-fold excitement of religious fanaticism and pecuniary interest; for while the imitation of Jesus Christ himself, the Grand Master of the order, was the devotional object proposed, they were shown, at the bottom of the scene, a political change, which must infallibly diminish the taxes.'

To give stability to the sect thus introduced at Naples, and to graft it on an old stock, all freemasons were admitted simply by ballot, and without the preparatory trials required from ordinary candidates. Hence it was, that the Pope issued his decree against freemasonry, considering all the secret societies of Italy as derived from it. One consequence of the amalgamation of freemasonry with Carbonarism has been a toleration of all the Christian sects which masonry contained:—

'But, though such free toleration is allowed, the ceremonies of admission partake of an almost fanatic superstition.

The novices were told that, in imitation of their grand master, Christ, they must necessarily pass through sufferings to purity and happiness; they were crowned with thorns, and a reed was placed in their hands. A dramatic representation exhibited part of the agonies of the Saviour, and it was solemnly announced, that the great requisites were to preserve their faith, and mutually to assist each other.

'The following extract, from the 1st chap. of the statutes of Carbonarism, will tend to explain the real or pretended principles of the sect.

'Of the General Doctrine of the Order.

'Art. 1. Good Cousinship is principally founded on religion and virtue.

'Art. 2. The place of meeting is called the *Baracca*; the space surrounding it, the *Forest or Wood*; the interior of the lodge, the *Vendita*.

'Art. 3. The members are called Good Cousins; they are divided into two classes—apprentices and masters.

'Art. 4. Tried virtue and purity of morals, and not Pagan* qualities, render men worthy of belonging to the Carbonari.

'Art. 5. An interval of six months is necessary before an apprentice can obtain the rank of master. The principal obligations imposed on him are, to practise benevolence, to succour the unfortunate, to show docility of mind, to bear no malice against Carbonari, and to enrich his heart with virtue.

'Art. 6. By this article it is forbidden to talk directly or indirectly against religion, and by

'Art. 7. All conversation on religion in general, or against good morals, is prohibited.

'Art. 8. Every Good Cousin Carbonaro is obliged to preserve inviolable secrecy concerning the mysteries of the order.

'Art. 9. No G. C. C. may communicate what is done or decided upon in his *Vendita*, to those who belong to another, much less to persons not initiated.

'Art. 10. The greatest reserve is recommended to the members, towards all persons with whom they are not well acquainted, but more especially in the bosoms of their own families.'

The capital was the centre of the Carbonari, where the *Alta Vendita* or principal lodge, consisting of honorary members and deputies from other lodges, was held. It was the business of this lodge to grant charters of organization to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. It has been eclipsed by the superior activity of the Carbonari magistracy of the Western Lucanian Republic, for so the province of *Principato Citra* is termed.

The symbols used at their meetings,

* '*Pagano* may be translated prophane, belonging to the uninitiated.'

and painted on the patents of the initiated, are numerous, and consist of the trunk of a tree, linen cloth, water, salt, a crown of white-thorns, a cross, leaves, sticks, fire, earth, a ladder, a bundle of sticks, a ball of thread; three ribbons, one blue, one red, and one black, with the axe, mattock, and shovel. The symbols are thus explained:—

'The cross should serve to crucify the tyrant who persecutes us, and troubles our sacred operations. The crown of thorns should serve to pierce his head. The thread denotes the cord to lead him to the gibbet; the ladder will aid him to mount. The leaves are nails to pierce his hands and feet. The pick-axe will penetrate his breast, and shed the impure blood that flows in his veins. The axe will separate his head from his body, as the wolf who disturbs our pacific labours. The salt will prevent the corruption of his head, that it may last as a monument of the eternal infamy of despots. The pole will serve to put the skull of the tyrant upon. The furnace will burn his body. The shovel will scatter his ashes to the wind. The *baracca* will serve to prepare new tortures for the tyrant. The fountain will purify us from the vile blood we shall have shed. The linen will wipe away our stains, and render us clean and pure. The forest is the place where the Good Cousins labour to obtain so important a result. The trunk with a single branch signifies that, after the great operation, we shall become equal to the N. C.'

'One would be tempted to doubt the reality of the last explanation of the symbols, if it were not given in the minutes of a legal trial. Perhaps the compiler of the notes may have confounded the verbal depositions of some of the witnesses, with what he thought he had read in the catechisms of the sect.'

The Carbonari are called a sect, and the appellation does not displease them. The fanatics of the society detail the miraculous conversions which it has already wrought. The ferocious *Lazzaroni* of Naples, and the wildest brigands of the Calabrias and the Abruzzi, have been known, immediately on their initiation to perform the most striking acts of benevolence and justice. Under this pretext of bringing back the wicked to the paths of virtue, distinguished brigand chiefs are admitted into the order. The notorious Gaetano Vardarelli himself was a Carbonaro:—

'So far is this system carried, that an assassin, condemned to the chain, is permitted to take his place in the *Vendita* of the Castle of St. Elmo, where he is confined with other galley-slaves, and the commander of the fort, himself a Carbonaro, has not dared to exclude him, but is obliged to sit by his side.

'The Carbonari, like the English Puritans during the civil wars, affect great austerity of manners, and talk of reformation. They cause such Good Cousins as have committed excesses, to do public penance in the Vendite. They preach against games of chance, and it is at their instigation, that such games have been prohibited. Their oath contains a clause, by which they are bound to respect the conjugal honour, and the good name of the Carbonari; and praiseworthy actions are reported at their meetings, and registered.'

The Carbonari have adopted some of the forms of the Beati Paoli, already noticed:—

'If any unfortunate being has incurred their vengeance, especially if it be by an act of infidelity towards the sect, the grand masters meet in what is called a chamber of honour, and deliberate on his fate. If he be condemned, they write his name on a piece of paper, which is burnt, and he is registered in the Black Book, with those who, having presented themselves as candidates for admission into the society, have been rejected as unworthy. The sentence is executed by whoever is especially named for the purpose, and the rest of the lodge cannot resist or annul it.

'Although the printed penal statute of the Western Lucanian Republic makes no explicit mention of the punishment of death, yet it contains some articles which clearly imply it. The punishments are divided under the heads of degradation and penalties in general. The first head is again subdivided into

- '1st. Devoting to general execration.
- '2d. Burning the name, or the person in effigy.
- '3d. Unanimous black-balling—*animento*.

'Among the consequences of these punishments, are interdiction of water and fire, the prohibition of all communication between other Good Cousins and the criminal, whose name, written in large letters, is affixed in all the vendite, and read at every sitting. "The Animento," they observe, may be effaced by time, but "infamy attaches itself for ever."

'The execration is more than mere disapprobation. Its mystery is explained in the 55th article of the 9th section, "On Crimes against Individuals," which declares that a murderer is not punishable, when the person put to death is a Carbonaro, condemned, after trial, to general execration, or to have his name or effigy burnt. The oath of initiation itself is a proof that the punishment of death is among the engines used by this dangerous society.'

The number of Carbonari has increased rapidly. They amounted to from twenty-four to thirty thousand, from the very beginning of their establishment. The whole population of

some towns in the Abruzzi and the Calabrias enlisted themselves. Admission to the first rank of Carbonarism is easily obtained; and whoever objects to going through the ceremony in the grand assembly, may perform it before the Grand Masters in private. As nothing is intrusted to the apprentices, there is no risk in multiplying them; the main object being to secure a number of satellites ready to obey invisible superiors, and directions which they cannot understand.

As it is our intention to extend our notice of this very curious work to another number, we shall conclude, for the present, with an extract from the Appendix, giving an account of the forms used on the reception of a Carbonaro:—

'The *Preparatore* (preparer) leads the Pagan (uninitiated) who is to become a member, blindfold, from the closet of reflection to the door of the Baracca. He knocks irregularly; the *Copritore* (coverer) says to the second assistant, "A Pagan knocks at the door." The second assistant repeats this to the first, who repeats it to the Grand Master; at every communication the Grand Master strikes a blow with an axe.

'Grand Master. See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.

'This question having passed through the assistants and *Copritore* to the *Preparatore*, he answers through an opening in the door,

'*Preparatore*. It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.

'Gr. M. Ask his name, country, and profession.

'The secretary writes the answer.

'Gr. M. Ask him his habitation—his religion.

'The secretary notes them.

'Gr. M. What is it he seeks among us?

'Prep. Light; and to become a member of our society.

'Gr. M. Let him enter.

'(The Pagan is led into the middle of the assembly; and his answers are compared with what the secretary had noted.)

'Gr. M. Mortal, the first qualities which we require are frankness, and contempt of danger. Do you feel that you are capable of practising them?

'After the answer, the Grand Master questions the candidate on morality and benevolence; and he is asked if he has any effects, and wishes to dispose of them, being at the moment in danger of death; after being satisfied of his conduct, the Grand Master continues, "Well, we will expose you to trials that have some meaning—let him make the first journey." He is led out of the Baracca—he is made to journey through the forest—he hears the rustling of leaves—

he is then led back to the door, as at his first entrance.

'Gr. M. What have you remarked during this journey?

'(The Pagan relates accordingly.)

'Gr. M. The first journey is the symbol of human virtue; the rustling of leaves, and the obstacles you have met in the road, indicate to you, that weak as we are, and struggling in this vale of tears, we can only attain virtue by good works, and under the guidance of reason, &c. &c. Let him make the second journey.

'(The Pagan is led away, and is made to pass through fire; he is made acquainted with the chastisement of perjury; and, if there is an opportunity, he is shown a head severed from the body, &c. &c. He is again conducted into the Baracca.)

'Gr. M. The fire through which you have passed is the symbol of that flame of charity which should be always kindled in our hearts, to efface the stains of the seven capital sins, &c. &c.

'Make him approach the sacred throne, &c.

'Gr. M. You must take an irrevocable oath; it offends neither religion nor the state, nor the rights of individuals; but forget not, that its violation is punished with death.

'The Pagan declares that he will submit to it; the Master of the Ceremonies leads him to the throne, and makes him kneel on the white cloth.

'Gr. M. Order!

'The Oath.

'I, N. N. promise and swear, upon the general statutes of the order, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, scrupulously to keep the secret of Carbonarism; and neither to write, engrave, or paint any thing concerning it, without having obtained a written permission. I swear to help my Good Cousins in case of need, as much as in me lies, and not to attempt any thing against the honour of their families. I consent and wish, if I perjure myself, that my body may be cut in pieces, then burnt, and my ashes scattered to the wind, in order that my name may be held up to the execration of the Good Cousins throughout the earth. So help me God.

'Gr. M. Lead him into the middle of the ranks (this is done.) What do you wish? The Master of the Ceremonies suggests to the Pagan, to say *light*.

'Gr. M. It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.

'The Grand Master strikes with the axe—this action is repeated by all the apprentices—the bandage is removed from the eyes of the Pagan. The Grand Master and the Good Cousins hold their axes raised.

'Gr. M. These axes will surely put you to death, if you become perjured. On the other hand, they will all strike in your defence, when you need them, and if you remain faithful. (To the Master of the Ceremonies,) Bring him near the throne, and make him kneel.

'Gr. M. Repeat your oath to me, and swear to observe exactly the private institutions of this respectable Vendita.

'The Candidate. I ratify it and swear.

'Gr. M. Holding the specimen of wood in his left hand, and suspending the axe over the head of the candidate with his right, says, "To the great and divine Grand Master of the universe, and to St. Theobald, our protector—In the name and under the auspices of the Supreme Vendita of Naples, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred upon me in this respectable Vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice Carbonaro."

'The Grand Master strikes the specimen which is held over the apprentice's head, thrice; he then causes him to rise, and instructs him in the sacred words and touch.

'Gr. M. Master of the Ceremonies, let him be acknowledged by the apprentices.

'The Assistants anticipate the execution of this order, by saying to the Grand Master, "All is according to rule, just and perfect."

'Gr. M. Assistants, tell the respective orders to acknowledge, henceforth, the Good Cousin N. N. as an active member of this Vendita, &c. &c.

'The symbolical picture is explained to the new apprentice.

'Gr. M. At what hour do the Carbonari terminate their sacred labours?

'First Assistant. As soon as the sun no longer enlightens our forest.

'Gr. M. What hour is it?

'Second Assistant. The sun no longer enlightens our forest.

'Gr. M. Good Cousins, as the sun no longer enlightens our forest, it is my intention to terminate our sacred labours. First, let us make a triple salutation (Vantaggio) to our Grand Master, divine and human, (Jesus Christ.)—To St. Theobald, our protector, who has assisted us and preserved us from the eyes of the Pagans—Order! To me, ———, &c. The signs and salutations (Vantaggi) are performed.

'Gr. M. I declare the labours ended; retire to your Baracche—retire in peace.'

The reception to the second rank, is attended with some blasphemous formalities. The President puts on a robe, and takes the name of Pilate; the first Counsellor, that of Caiaphas; and the second, that of Herod; the good Cousins are called the people; and to the Novice, is given the name of him whose kingdom was not of this world, and whose sufferings are thus impiously parodied. The oath is nearly the same as that of the apprentices, with this addition, that the Carbonari, admitted to the second rank, swears never to talk of the secrets of the apprentices before the Pagans, nor of those of the masters before the apprentices.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Annals of the Parish, or the Chronicle of Dalmailing; during the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder; written by Himself. Arranged and Edited by the Author of the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. 8vo. pp. 400. Edinburgh, 1821.

FROM the merit of the Ayrshire Legatees, a series of letters of a very peculiar character, which lately appeared in Blackwood's Magazine and attracted general notice, we took up the present work from the same pen, (for so we take it to be, notwithstanding the editorial character assumed,) with the most favourable prepossessions; and we may say, almost unreservedly, that we have not been disappointed. It is written in the same style with the letters; and in that style the author is so excellent, that we could wish to forget that he ever deviated from it, which, if we mistake not, he has done in more than one recent instance, to no great purpose. To such of our readers as are not yet acquainted with this style, we cannot impart, in two words, a better idea of it than by requesting them to call to mind *Humphrey Clinker*. Like Smollett, whom the author may be fairly admitted to rival, he possesses, in an eminent degree, the talent of making ordinary life interesting, of writing what is delightful fiction, and yet no romance. The actors in his story are every-day characters, and the situations in which he places them are every-day situations; yet, by the fidelity with which he makes them think, and act, and speak, as such persons would do in real life; by the art with which he brings out all the interesting peculiarities of their characters—and no other; and by the good taste and judgment with which he avoids ever intruding the author on our notice, to disturb the idea of reality, which has been momentarily created, he has contrived to produce, what is by no means an every-day thing—another novel worth reading, and worth preserving by the side of the best works which we have of this description.

Mr. Micah Balwhidder is a Scotch parson of guileless heart and primitive manners; not overburdened with attainments, and of an order of mind habitually inferior, but warmed at times by peculiar impulses into a degree of elevation, bordering on genius. Seated for life in the pastoral charge of the parish of Dalmailing, he made it the amusement of some of his leisure hours, to keep a chronicle of all the remarkable events that happened within its

bounds during his ministry; and it is this chronicle which the author of the Ayrshire Legatees has been so kind as to arrange and edit for the gratification of the public.

A story of deep and intricate contrivance, related in a style ornate and eloquent, is not of course what we are to look for; but all that the structure of the work admits, the reader will find in the *Annals of the Parish*;—a succession of striking events in the lives of a group of most interesting characters, told in the language of simplicity and truth, rich in native beauties, but free from all tinsel and affectation. It seems, from beginning to end, as if it were the real Micah, and no fictitious personage, who was addressing us; to keep up this delusion, indeed, so well as he has done, the author must, we think, have at times felt some difficulty in writing himself down, if we may so express ourselves, to the level of the character he has represented, as well as in resisting that temptation to make the most of every thing, which a person knowing that he is writing for the public, is so much more apt to feel, than one who, like Micah, only wrote for his own amusement. In the extract, which we shall now proceed to make, as a fair specimen of the work, the reader will see this skill in the keeping of the composition—to borrow a phrase from art very strikingly exemplified. In the short space of four pages, the author has contrived to say more than some authors would have done in half a volume; a more affecting specimen of simple pathos we have indeed rarely met with. The news of the victory of the Nile has just arrived, and with it a letter to Mr. Micah Balwhidder, announcing, that among the heroes who fell in that glorious achievement, was Charles Malcolm, a youth of high promise, the son of a widow of amiable character, who resides in the parish:—

'I got a letter,' says Micah, 'from Mr. Howard, the midshipman, who came to see us with Charles, telling me, that poor Charles had been mortally wounded in the action, and had afterwards died of his wounds. "He was a hero in the engagement," said Howard, "and he died as a good and brave man should." These tidings gave me one of the sorest hearts I ever suffered, and it was long before I could gather fortitude to disclose the tidings to poor Charles's mother. But the callants of the school had heard of the victory, and were going shouting about, and had set the steeple-bells a ringing, by which Mrs. Malcolm heard the news, and knowing that Charles' ship was with the fleet, she came over to the Manse in

great anxiety, to hear the particulars, somebody telling her, that there had been a foreign letter to me by the postman.

'When I saw her, I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and the tear fleeing up into my eyes, she guessed what had happened. After giving a deep and sore sigh, she inquired, "How did he behave? I hope well, for he was aye a gallant laddie!" And then she wept very bitterly. However, growing calmer, I read to her the letter, and when I had done, she begged me to give it her to keep, saying, "its all I have now left of my pretty boy, but its mair precious to me than the wealth of the Indies," and she begged me to return thanks to the Lord for all the comforts and all the manifold mercies with which her lot had been blessed, since the hour she put her trust in Him alone, and that was when she was left a penniless widow, with her five fatherless bairns.

'It was just an edification of the spirit, to see the Christian resignation of this worthy woman. Mrs. Balwhidder was confounded, and said, there was more sorrow in seeing the deep grief of her fortitude than tongue could tell.

'Having taken a glass of wine with her, I walked out to conduct her to her own house, but in the way we met with a severe trial. All the weans were out parading with napkins and hail-blades on sticks, rejoicing and triumphing in the glad tidings of the victory. But when they saw me and Mrs. Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy, and standing all up in a row, with silence and sadness along the kirk-yard as we passed, shewed an instinct of compassion that penetrated to my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the bairns into an audible weeping, and taking one another by the hand, they followed us to her door like mourners at a funeral. Never was such a sight seen in any town before. The neighbours came to look at it as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces, while the mothers pressed their babies fondlier to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.

'I prepared a suitable sermon, taking, as the words of my text, "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." But when I saw around me so many of my people clad in complimentary mourning, for the gallant Charles Malcolm, and that even poor daft Jenny Gallaw and her daughter had on an old black ribbon, and when I thought of him, the spirited laddie, coming home from Jamaica, with his parrot on his shoulder, and his limes for me, my heart filled full, and I was obliged to sit down in the pulpit and drop a tear.

'After a pause, and the Lord having vouchsafed to compose me, I rose up and gave out that anthem of triumph, the 124th Psalm, the singing of which brought

the congregation round to themselves, but still I felt that I could not preach as I had meant to do, therefore I only said a few words of prayer, and singing another psalm, dismissed the congregation.'

We hinted, on the outset of this notice, at something like reservations to our praise of Mr. Micah's Annals; but the sublimity of his silence at the conclusion of the preceding scene, has made us so much in love with silence for the moment, that we forbear. The reservations were, after all, but trivial; and the few points, to which we had some slight exceptions to make, will not lessen the pleasure with which we are sure the Annals of the Parish will be universally read.

Little Charles's Grammar; or, an Easy Grammar of the French Language. By James Jennings. 18mo. pp. 100. London, 1821.

THE author of this little grammar has rendered good service to children and their instructors, by explaining the principles of the French tongue in so familiar a manner, that the most ordinary capacity may comprehend them.

Wonderful Characters; comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the most Remarkable Persons. By Henry Wilson. 8vo. London, 1821.

THE lovers of the marvellous will, perhaps, thank us for pointing out to them where they may procure, at a cheap price, lives of such worthies as Daniel Dancer and Dirty Dick; the Mayor of Garrat, Daniel Lambert, and Jefferey Hudson, Blind Jack of Knaresborough, and Bamfylde Moore Carew. All these, *cum multis aliis*, are to be found in the first part of this work, which is embellished with five engravings.

A Letter to R. W. Elliston, Esq. on the Injustice and Illegality of his Conduct in representing Lord Byron's Tragedy of Marino Faliero: with some Hints on the general Management of his Theatre. 8vo. pp. 22. London, 1821.

A COARSE and ungentlemanly epistle, without a single fact unknown to the public, or an argument that has not already been exhausted in the daily newspapers.

Select Biography. A Collection of Lives of Eminent Men who have been an honour to their Country. By various distinguished Writers. 18mo. Parts V. to XII.

WE briefly noticed this work on the publication of the first four parts; eight others have followed in regular

succession, containing the lives of Fox, Pitt, Nelson, Marlborough, Bruce, Raleigh, Johnson, and the Marquis of Montrose. As the work advances, it improves in character and the subjects are more varied and interesting. Several of the lives are original, and the others are judiciously condensed and abridged from the more bulky volumes to which they have hitherto been confined. To those who may wish to possess memoirs of the most distinguished persons our country has produced, at a moderate price, we recommend 'Select Biography.'

The Student's Manual; or, an Appendix to the English Dictionaries; being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Greek. 18mo. London.

IF it was known how much real information a person may gain from this 'Manual,' and how much more he may appear to possess by making himself acquainted with it, there would be very few persons without it. To those who have not had the advantage of a classical education, and to others who are entering on its rudiments, it cannot be too strongly recommended. Ingenuity in the plan, good taste in the execution, and utility in its objects, are the characteristics of this cheap and clever little work.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF HORTICULTURE.

[We have for some time had it in contemplation to notice the progress of Horticulture in Great Britain, but this we find so ably done in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, that we cannot do better than give our readers a faithful abridgment of the article, which is a Review of the London and Caledonian Horticultural Societies.—Ed.]

THE origin of horticulture, like that of every other art of primitive necessity, is unavoidably involved in obscurity. The first vegetable production which attracted attention as an article of food, was probably the fruit of some tree; and the idea of appropriating such trees may naturally be supposed to have given rise to a garden. All the writers of antiquity agree in putting the fig at the head of the fruit trees first cultivated, and next the vine, the fruit of which serves for food as well as for drink. The almond and pomegranate were early cultivated in Canaan; and it appears by the complaints of the Israelites in the Wilderness, that the fig, grape, and olive were known in Egypt from time immemorial.

Culinary vegetables, such as roots and

leaves, seem to have been in much less repute in the early ages than fruits. Leeks, onions, and garlic, however, together with cucumbers and melons, appear to have been in use in Egypt at a very early period. Moses, from his description of the garden of Eden, and his directions as to the culture of the vine in Canaan, seems not only to have been a tasteful but a judicious husbandman.

The gardens of Alcinoüs are said to have contained pears, pomegranates, figs, olives, and other fruits 'brilliant to the sight,'—probably citrons or oranges. The culinary vegetables are not particularized, but they were planted in beds. It matters little that these gardens are fabulous; it is enough that the fruits mentioned were known in the days of Homer.

In the laws of the *Decemviri*, the term *hortus* is used to signify both a garden and a country house; but afterwards, the kitchen garden was distinguished by the addition of *pinguis*. Pliny informs us that the husbandman called his kitchen garden 'a second desert,' or 'a flitch of bacon which was always ready to be cut,' or 'a salad easy to be cooked and light of digestion;' and judged that there must be a bad housewife where the garden (her especial charge) was in disorder. According to this author, who wrote about the end of the first century, there were cultivated in the neighbourhood of Rome, all the species of fruits known at the present day and many of the culinary vegetables. The principal exceptions are the pine-apple, orange, (not introduced till the fourth century,) potatoe, and seakale. The horticulture of the Romans was entirely artificial and carried on with the superstitious observances dictated by polytheism. Venus was considered as the patroness of the garden. We are informed by Columella, that husbandmen, who were more religious than ordinary when they sowed turnips, prayed that they might grow both for themselves and their neighbours. 'If caterpillars attack them,' he subjoins with suitable gravity, 'a woman going with her hair loose, and barefooted round each bed will kill them; but women must not be admitted where cucumbers or gourds are planted, for commonly green things languish and are checked in their growth by their handling of them.'

It was held by the Roman writers on georgics, that any scion may be grafted on any stock, but modern experience has taught that no faith is to

be placed in this doctrine. In Italy, at the present day, attempts are made to impose on strangers roses, myrtles, and jessamines grafted on orange. It is a simple trick, and performed by planting a rose and an orange close together, and drawing a shoot of the former through a hole bored in the trunk of the latter.

The climate, soil, and surface of Britain, we think we may assert without prejudice, are more favourable for gardening, taking all its branches into consideration, than any other, although a century ago, almost every garden production was obtained from Holland. The royal fruiterers and green-grocers were sent thither for fruits and pot-herbs; and the seedsmen received all their seeds from that quarter, as they still do a number of sorts.

The only native fruits of Britain are the wild plum or sloe, currant, bramble, raspberry, strawberry, cranberry, black, red, and white heather-berries, elder-berries, roans, haws, hips, hazelnuts, acorns, and beechmast. All the others have either been introduced by the Romans, or by the monks and religious houses during the dark ages from the tenth to the fifteenth century. The same may also be affirmed as to most of our culinary vegetables, of which only the carrot, celery, beet, asparagus, seakale, and mushrooms are natives.

Gardens and orchards are frequently mentioned in the earliest chartularies, but little is known of the real state of horticulture in Britain previous to the time of Henry VIII. This monarch's gardener introduced various fruits, salads, and pot-herbs, and cultivated them in the garden of the palace of Nonsuch in Surrey, together as it is commonly supposed with the apricot and Kentish cherry. According to an account of this garden, taken during the usurpation, it was surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high and contained 212 fruit trees.

Tusser, one of the earliest writers on husbandry, in his work which appeared in 1557, gives a list of the fruits and culinary vegetables then known, under the following heads:—'Seedes and herbes for the kychen; herbes and rootes for sallets and sauce; herbes and rootes to boyle or to butter; strewing herbes of all sortes; herbes, branches, and flowers for windowes and pots; herbes to still in summer; necessarie herbs to growe in the gardens for physick, not reherst before.' In the whole he enumerates more than 150 species, besides a copious catalogue of fruits,

which, with the exception of the fig, orange, and pomegranate, introduced a few years afterwards, the musk melon about the end of the sixteenth century, and the pine apple in the beginning of the last century, include all the species at present cultivated in British gardens.

James I. patronized gardening, and formed or improved a garden at the palace of Theobalds, and another at Greenwich. The former is said by Mandelso, who visited it in 1640, to have been surrounded by a high wall, and very rich in fruit-tree. Charles I. brought over Tradescant, a Dutchman, as his kitchen gardener, and appointed, for the first time in England, a royal botanist, Parkinson, whose *Paradisus Terrestris* is one of the most original of our early works on Horticulture and Flower Gardening. Musk-melons were then cultivated on an open hot-bed placed on a sloping bank, and covered with straw instead of glass, as in France and Italy. Cauliflower and celery were rare at this time, and broccoli was not yet introduced. Virginia potatoes (our common sort) were little known, but Canada potatoes (our Jerusalem artichoke) were in common use. The varieties of fruits were very considerable. Of apples 58 sorts are mentioned, of pears 64, plums 61, peaches 21, nectarines 5, apricots 6, cherries 36, grapevines 23, figs 3, with quinces, medlars, almonds, walnuts, filberts, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and strawberries.

Cromwell promoted agriculture rather than gardening, and pensioned Hartlib, a Lithuanian, who, as Harte informs us, had studied in Flanders, and first communicated and recommended to notice 'the two grand secrets of Flemish husbandry,' those of letting farms on improving leases, and cultivating green crops.

Charles II. introduced French gardening, and his gardener, Rose, who had spent some time in Holland, then the best school of horticulture, and had also studied under Quintiney at Paris, introduced 'such famous dwarf fruit trees' at Hampton Court and Marlborough gardens, that London, his apprentice, in the translation of the 'Retired Gardener,' published in 1667, challenges all Europe to exhibit the like. In allusion to the last two gardens, Waller describes the mall of St. James's Park as,—

'All with a border of rich fruit trees crown'd.'

When Quintiney came to England to visit Evelyn, Charles II. offered him a pension to reside here and superin-

tend the royal gardens; but this, Weston informs us, he declined, and returned to serve his own master. Quintiney was the first horticulturist of modern times who united learning and practical knowledge. He was educated for the church, but having a decided preference for gardening, turned his whole attention that way. M. Tarnbonneau, his patron, first committed his gardens to his care; and, soon after, he was intrusted with the entire direction of those of the court. He died at Paris, in 1701. Louis XIV. always spoke of him with regret, and assured his widow that 'he was an equal sufferer with herself.'

Evelyn translated Quintiney's work on 'Orange Trees' and his 'Complete Gardener,' and wrote the 'Kalendarium Hortense,' (the fruitful parent of a useful class of books,) in 1664. His last work on gardening, (the *Acetaria*), was published in 1699. This excellent man was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and was consulted by the government on all questions relating to planting and agriculture. In 1662, it was proposed to the society to recommend the culture of potatoes, to prevent the recurrence of famine; but Evelyn, who does not seem, at that time, to have been aware of the value of the root, or the nature of its culture, gave them no encouragement, and the plan was laid aside. He patronized, however, a great many useful publications on rural subjects, and especially on horticulture.

Daines Barrington conjectures that hot-houses and ice-houses were first introduced during Charles the Second's reign, as at the installation dinner at Windsor, (23d April, 1667,) there were cherries, strawberries, and ice-creams. Strawberries and cherries, however, Switzer informs us, had been forced by dung-heat from time immemorial, by the London market-gardeners. Lord Bacon suggests, that 'as we have housed the exotics of hot countries, lemons, oranges, and myrtles, to preserve them, so we may house our natives to forward them; and thus have violets, strawberries, and pease, all winter, provided they be sown and removed at proper times.'

Cooke, Lucre, Field, London, and Wise, were celebrated practical gardeners at this time; the two latter had the first considerable nursery garden at Brompton, and laid out the greater number of seats, which still exist in the ancient style. Among these may be mentioned Blenheim, Cannons,

Exton Park, and Bramley, in England, and Hatton House, near Edinburgh.

As the 18th century advanced, the botanic garden at Chelsea and its curator, Phillip Miller, came into notice. A new era of gardening may be dated from the publication of his dictionary, and especially from the edition in which the Linnæan system was adopted. Miller improved the culture of the vine and the fig; and the Italian brocoli, and the pine-apple, were first made known through his work. The pine-apple was first grown by Sir Matthew Decker, at Richmond, in pots placed on shelves, like green-house plants; but was subsequently found to succeed better in bottom heat and in pits, as it is still grown in Holland.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

No. XVII.—MISS DANCE.

'Like Niobe, all tears.'—SHAKESPEARE.

WHENEVER a female performer is about to make her *debut*, we are always on the tip-toe of expectation; and when that performer is said to be a distinguished votary of Melpomene, our anxiety is necessarily increased twofold. Report had previously spoken in the highest possible terms of Miss Dance, and if, as is generally the case, it had in some degree exceeded the bounds of strict veracity, yet we feel gratified in saying that she did succeed. Her first appearance was in the cheerless character of Mrs. Haller, a choice which she may rejoice in, as she was much more successful than in depicting the sublimer sorrows of the Venetian Matron. She was received with an applause for which she was not a little indebted to her graceful appearance, her fine form, and her handsome features. Many of the tones of her voice, which is very melodious, reminded us strongly of Miss O'Neil; indeed, her whole conception of the character appeared to be formed on the model of that highly talented and accomplished actress. The part of Mrs. Haller does not present an extensive field for the display of ability. The scenes in which deep interest is excited, are very few. To these, however, and indeed to the greatest part of the character, Miss Dance did ample justice. Her loveliness,—her retiring modesty,—her unaffected pensiveness of manners,—her sweetly melodious

tones, which seemed responsive to the sorrows of an o'erfraught heart, solicited the sympathy of all who heard them, and realized the picture which the German poet has so admirably drawn; the last act was superior to any of the former, and the curtain descended amidst thunders of applause. So great was our delight at witnessing her beautiful representation of the unhappy Mrs. Haller, that we looked forward with extreme pleasure to the announcement of Belvidera. We had been led to expect that she might, at no very distant period, prove worthy of the very first characters in the tragic line, and that she would have become a highly valuable acquisition to Covent Garden, where female talent, in the tragic department, is miserably wanted. How unspeakably great, then, was our disappointment; her Belvidera scarcely possessed one of the beauties of Miss O'Neil, and was infinitely inferior to the beautiful representation of Mrs. W. West.—We had hoped that Covent Garden would have at length possessed a fine tragic actress,—we had hoped that Miss Dance might have aspired to the fame of Miss O'Neil, with better hopes than any actress we have seen, since that lady retired from the stage; but we have been completely deceived in our expectations,—intense must be her study, before she can take equal rank with Miss O'Neil; indeed, if we may be allowed to judge from her Belvidera, we most decidedly consider her as inferior to our Drury Lane heroine. In the character of Belvidera, an actress is placed between Scylla and Charybdis. If she yields to the sorrows of love, she runs the risk of falling into whining; if, on the other hand, she exerts herself to give effect to the raving scenes, she is equally exposed to the danger of ranting. These two faults Miss Dance could not avoid. In the former part of the play she whined dreadfully, and in the tempest of her madness, her voice broke forth into violent screamings. Her grief, on hearing that Jaffier intended to kill her father, was too languid; and in her relation to her husband, of Renault's villainy, in the two celebrated lines,—

'But with my cries I cow'd his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to hell,'

she produced but little effect. Again, she failed both in expression of countenance, of tone, and of action, when she uttered, 'The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain!' And her exclamation,—'Hell! hell! burst from thy centre, rage and roar aloud, if thou

art half so hot, so mad, as I am,' instead of being terrifically grand, was impotent and ineffective. She displayed but little energy when searching for her husband, imagining that her father conceals him, and the shriek of agony when she fancies she beholds his spirit and that of Pierre, and follows them to the ground, had not any of the effect of her great predecessor. Having now mentioned the points of character in which she failed, it would be unjust, as well as illiberal, not to enumerate some of the beauties. In the scene where Jaffier yields her as the pledge of his fidelity, to the conspirators, she gave a very affecting picture of conjugal affection, rendered half frantic by the supposed unkindness of her husband, and the horror of their parting. Instead of whining, or, like some actresses, roaring out, 'remember twelve,' she dropped a feeble farewell, barely audible, but more expressive than if it had been thundered forth; and, in a half-smothered voice, uttered, 'Remember—twelve.' The scene in which Jaffier threatens to stab her, displayed much excellence, and the manner in which she threw her arms round his neck, and exclaimed, 'Now, then, kill me, while thus I cling about thy cruel neck,' &c. were admirable. Perhaps Miss Dance did not meet with much support in the character of Pierre, on the first night, when we witnessed the representation of Mr. Macready, who performed the character very little to our satisfaction; and, on a subsequent evening, we had the mortification of seeing Mr. Abbott, who, though a deserving performer, to say the truth, made a miserable conspirator. To the honour of Mr. C. Kemble be it said, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of an indifferent Belvidera, and a bad Pierre, he performed the character of Jaffier with unexampled excellence,—in the relation of Renault's conduct to his wife, he drew down torrents of applause; indeed, his performance of the character throughout was perfect; and, although this is not, perhaps, the place for making the remark, we cannot refrain from observing, that his Stranger was exceedingly improved since our notice of it in our review of this gentleman's performances. Indeed, we think it scarcely possible that the character could ever have been more finely played: decidedly, no performer now on the stage could do it so much justice. We will offer a word or two more before we conclude this subject,—if the managers imagine that the applause which

is showered on their new idol, is the genuine sense of the public, they will soon find that they are grievously mistaken. We are afraid that the old adage, 'Dying men catch at straws,' has been verified; something certainly was wanting to uphold the falling fortunes of this concern, and they, therefore, seized upon the first seasonable opportunity that presented itself. We are persuaded, that if Miss Dance had delayed her appearance till another season, the managers would have found their account in it. Unremitting application is what she requires; we do not wish to discourage her; let her follow implicitly the instructions of her able preceptor,—let her powers become matured, and her style improved by judicious cultivation, and she may, in a few years, sustain the weighty honours of Melpomene with dignity as well as elegance. W. H. PARRY.

P. S. After expressing ourselves much disappointed with Miss Dance's performance of Belvidera, we feel happy in being able to affirm, with truth, that her Juliet possessed considerable claims to public admiration. Still it was not the Juliet we of late years have been accustomed to witness; superior as it was to Belvidera, we cannot pronounce it a *chef-d'œuvre*. Miss Dance pleased us much in the garden scene, and in many instances she was highly successful. The sportive and apparently half-ashamed accent with which, after recalling Romeo, she said, 'I have forgot why I did call thee back,' was nature itself. The chief fault of her Juliet was the want of that engaging softness which forms the principal feature of the character. In the scene with the Nurse, she was much too romping and boisterous, but her despair on learning her husband's doom, and the review of the dangers which may attend her swallowing the contents of the phial given her by the Friar, as well as her death, were all finely performed.—Upon the whole, we consider it a very far superior effort to her Belvidera, inferior, however, to her Mrs. Haller; indeed, we much fear that this lady has not sufficient talent to maintain her present rank in the theatre. W. H. P.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS

Written on the Top of Mount Neius, in the Island of Ithaca.

HAIL! rugged isle, whose sun-scorched hills are seen,
Heaving abrupt their heads of hoary grey,

With here and there a lively spot of green,
Like winter mingling with the bloom of May.
Yet to fair plains—to courts luxurious gay,
Did thy sage chief* prefer those barren hills;
Full twenty years a wanderer did he stray,
Of life for thee despising all the ills,—
For thee the sage's blood oft flowed in crimson rills.

See yonder pile, torn by the tooth of time†,
In moss-grown fragments scattered all around;
Oft did those walls to many a theme sublime—

To matchless eloquence and verse resound:
'Twas thence the sage philosopher, profound
In moral maxims, all his maxims drew;
Thence keen-eyed science look'd fair nature round,

In all her ways, with microscopic view;
There warriors learnt to fight and be victorious too.

Yon other ruin, crumbling into dust‡,
Where spotless chastity once found a home,
The pride of architecture rose, august,—
The arch—the column—and the gorgeous dome;

There pensive Penelope plied the loom
All day, and sad the tedious task unwove,
When sable night enveloped all in gloom,—
A blest example of unaltered love!
Not all the youth of Greece her steady faith could move.

Deep in the bosom of that woody glen,
Where echo whispers to the passing breeze
Of rosy spring, or, from her hollow den,
Roars to the blast that bends the groaning trees;

Where once the bath, for elegance and ease,
Surrounded with fair seats of swardy green,
Stately arose, the wondering stranger sees
The lonely Arethusa, Naiad Queen§,

* Ulysses.

† At a little village called Mavrona, [Μαύρονα,] near the entrance of the port of Ithaca, are seen the ruins of a building, which seems to have been constructed without the help of mortar, the stones being dovetailed in a peculiar manner. Here they relate, that Homer, in the reign of a sage, descendant of Ulysses, who is the real owner of the character attributed to that hero in the Odyssey, &c. taught poetry, elocution, philosophy, and the art of war, and was followed by disciples from all parts of Greece; hence the place is still called Homer's School.

‡ That he had been at Ithaca previous to having written his poems, admits of no doubt; for no one could give such striking descriptions of a place he had never seen, as are to be found in his writings of this island.

§ Paleo Kastro, an extensive ruin some miles south-east of the town of Ithaca, supposed to have been one of the residences of the kings of that and the adjacent islands.

§ To the admirer of nature in her wildest dress, this fountain and its surrounding scenery will afford the highest pleasure. Arethusa is embosomed by a most romantic woody valley, accessible only by one steep and dangerous foot-path.

The water issues from an aperture in the rock, and is received into a bason, hewn by art, about six feet long, four and-a-half wide, and about four feet deep. This bason is completed by a front wall, built of stone and mortar, but which the petrifying quality of the water has completely consolidated. In the hottest summer weather it discharges about five gal-

Who, murmuring, seems to mourn the changes
she has seen.

There heroes erst, when toil their nerves un-
strung,

Imbibed fresh vigour from her cooling
streams;—

There lovely beauties, sprightly, fair, and
young,

Would oft repair to lave their snowy limbs;

Ah! how degrading the mutation seems.

Now, there foul indolence, in female shape,

In squalid tatters basks in noontide beams;

And Sloth and Apathy their bodies scrape,

In form of men, with many a gaunt and gape.

Can this be Greece, the mighty and the brave?

Can this be Greece, renowned in arts and
arms?

Can this be Greece, this pale dejected slave,

Whose torpid breast no ray divine informs?

Yes, this is Greece divest of all her charms—

This drooping captive, manacled and bound;—

With heaving breast and supplicating arms,

Behold for aid, she wildly looks around,

But where, alas! for Greece, is succour to be
found!

Say,—ye who ponder on her abject state,

See what she is, and think of what she was,—

What over-powering evil could beget

Of this effect, this dire effect, the cause?

What levelled her proud cities and her laws?

Who tore the laurel from her martial brow?

Who bade fair Science and the Muses pause,

Leave bright Pieria and high Pindus' brow,

To give in climes remote their sweetest
strains to flow.

'Twas Luxury, chief bane of social good,

Who steals his honour from the patriot's
breast,

That parent of a foul and noxious brood

Of evils, worse than earthquakes, fire, and
pest.

'Twas she bade cruelty infuriate burn

In the darksome breast of Tyranny;

'Twas she made man so base as not to scorn

Before a fellow man to bow the knee;

'Twas she made men, by nature born free,

Become the slaves of superstition wild;

And, led by Falsehood and Hypocrisy,

In labyrinths of error stray beguiled,

And be by Ignorance and Vice debased—de-
filed.

For time there was, when man in every land,

(That age flows sweetly in poetic lore—)

Warm from the impression of his Maker's hand,

Met brother man,—his equal and no more;

Till Luxury from his brow the impression
tore—

Then Discord bade fell Rapine draw the
sword;

Then Murder bathed his wheels in tepid gore,

And the fair pages of the world's record

Were blotted with the names of vassal, slave,
and lord.

Where is the greatness of great Babylon?

And where is fled the haughty Roman's
boast—

The polished Greece—the mighty Persian's
throne?

All, all, beneath the hand of Luxury lost.—

Those realms never felt of age the frost,

lons in a minute, of very cold, clear, and light

water, with something of a mineral taste.

This fountain once supplied an extensive bath,
the ruins of which are discoverable a little be-
low it.

Till they gave ear to Luxury's syren song.—
Kingdoms attend! you'll find unto your cost,
Whoever listens sinks the dead among—
So sings the muse—perhaps the muse is
wrong.

Or does the unalterable voice of Fate
Thus speak the doom of empires as they
rise—

'Rejoice awhile, for by a certain date
Your greatness withers, and your glory dies?'

Ah! is it so? and must the curious eyes

Of strangers yet behold Britannia low?

Must she, whose fame o'er earth and ocean flies,

To some new Goth or some new Vandal
bow?

And must her sons be doomed to slavery and
woe.

O, thou good spirit! (for such sure thou art,)

That warms my breast with patriotic fire,

Be thine to influence every Briton's heart—

With love of Britain Britons still inspire.

Be thou around her still a wall of fire!

Shield her from foreign and domestic wrong!

Confound her foes—ev'n blast them in thine
ire.

Bid faction cease; be mute Corruption's
tongue,

And, till the wreck of time, her liberty pro-
long.

D. M.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—We are not aware of
any novelty at this theatre during the
week, except that, on Monday evening,
it was very unexpectedly honoured with
a visit from the Queen. Both Mr.
Elliston and the audience were quite
unprepared; and her majesty, who, on
entering, took her seat in the box
immediately opposite to the king's,
was some time in the house before she
was recognized. As soon, however,
as the audience understood she was
present, a simultaneous burst of ap-
plause was heard from all parts of the
theatre, and cries of 'God save the
Queen,' were reiterated with vehement
vociferation. The singers were not in
attendance, and two acts of Lord By-
ron's tragedy passed off in dumb show,
when Mr. Elliston came forward, to
know the pleasure of the audience,
which, on learning, he promised that
the national anthem should be sung at
the end of the tragedy. He certainly
kept his word, but so motley a group
were surely never before assembled.
The Doge of Venice, whose head was
supposed to have been separated from
his body, was seen joining Don Gio-
vanni (ready dressed for the after-
piece) in singing 'God save the Queen,'
while the lovely Angiolina mixed with
a group of imps in the general chorus.
Her Majesty, who looked extremely
well, after waiting to see one or two
scenes of the afterpiece, retired in the

same private manner in which she en-
tered the theatre.

COVENT GARDEN.—We suspect,
that the managers of this theatre have,
at last, found out the precise line for
Miss Dance's talents, that of genteel
comedy. The character of Lady
Townley, in the comedy of the *Pro-
voked Husband*, in which she appeared
for the first time, on Friday night, is
by far her best effort; she was lively
and dignified, and avoided the common
fault of confounding the air and fasci-
nations of a woman of rank, with co-
quetry or affectation. In the comic
scenes she was all life, and in those of
tenderness, at the close, she was ex-
tremely affecting. Mr. Charles Kem-
ble was a fine representative of Lord
Townley, and Abbott made much of
Manly. Fawcett was quite *wrong-
headed* in Sir Francis Wronghead,
whom he disgraced, by bad English
and provincial barbarism, to a wanton
excess. The play was received with
much applause, and has been repeated.

Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which has
been altered by Davenant, Dryden,
and John Kemble, has been doomed to
new mutilations and transformations,
by more ignoble hands. It has been,
according to the prevailing vice of the
age, operatized, by the introduction of
some old music. Mr. Macready was
a good Prospero, but we have seen a
better; Miss Foote, a beautiful Ariel,
with an indifferent voice; Miss Ste-
phens and Miss Hallande, enchanting
in Dorinda and Miranda; and Emery,
Farren, and Blanchard, all that could
be wished, in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo. The scenery is very beau-
tiful.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Amidst
all the competition of amusements,
Mathews 'holds on the even tenor of
his way,' and neither fails in spirit nor
attraction through the frequent repe-
tition of his adventures.

MINOR THEATRES.—Novelty is the
order of the day at the minor theatres,
particularly the *Surrey* and *Sadler's
Wells*, where, at least, one new and
attractive piece has been produced
weekly since the commencement of the
season.—At the Coburg, *Il Diavolo
Antonio*; and at Astley's, the Eque-
strian Troop, have their share of attrac-
tion; while at the European Saloon,
(now called the New Theatre,) Miss
Macauley, by her tragic and comic
powers, and M. Alexandre, by his ex-
traordinary ventriloquial talents, alter-
nately draw fashionable audiences.

Literature and Science.

French Bibliography.—Among other periodical publications, there is one at Paris, bearing the name of 'Bibliography of France.' About fifty numbers appear annually, composing a volume of from 800 to 1000 pages. This work exhibits a list of all the printed works and re-impressions throughout the French territory. Once a-week, there appears a number, of sixteen pages more or less. Every publication, whether printed at Paris or in the departments, is noticed instantly after its appearance. Works of minor, as well as of the greatest importance, are announced alike. The number of bookselling articles announced in 1820, was near five thousand. The editor, M. Beuchot, well known as a biographer of extensive erudition, for the purpose of facilitating researches, adds, at the end of every year, three supplementary numbers,—an alphabetical table of works, an alphabetical table of authors, and a systematic or methodical table, in which all the works announced through the year are arranged according to their kinds or subject matter. The journal contains, likewise, more copious information than any other, relative to engravings, geographical charts, and music. Under the title of Varieties, M. Beuchot furnishes, from time to time, notices of French works printed abroad, and translations of French works into foreign languages, foreign publications treating of France or the French, with bibliographical notices respecting books and editions. Under the head Necrology, the death of French authors is announced, mostly accompanied with the date; and a list of all such of their works as have come to his knowledge.

Hops.—Dr. A. W. Ives, of New York, has lately made experiments on the hop, which prove that its characteristic properties reside in a substance forming not more than one-sixth part of the weight of the hop, and easily separable from it. It was observed, that on removing some hops from a bag in which they had been preserved for three years, an impalpable yellow powder was left behind, which, when sifted, appeared quite pure; this has been called *lupulin*; it is quite peculiar to the female plant, and is probably secreted in the nectaria. Hops from which all the lupulin had been separated, when acted upon by water, alcohol, &c. gave a portion of extract

which, however, possessed none of the characteristic properties of the hop. Dr. Ives next endeavoured to ascertain the quantity afforded by a given weight of hops: 6lbs. of hops, from the centre of a bag, were put into a light bag, and by threshing, rubbing, and sifting, fourteen ounces of lupulin were separated. Two barrels of beer were then made, in which nine ounces of lupulin were substituted for 5lbs. (the ordinary quantity) of hops, and the result confirmed every expectation.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

[From the Percy Anecdotes.]

'Criticism.—The late Mr. Cumberland used to say, that authors must not be thin-skinned, but shelled like the rhinoceros. The injunction would have been good, were the shell of their own making; but it would be hard were the linnet, or the nightingale, to cease from warbling, because they cannot sing in a storm.

'The art of literary condemnation, as it may be practised by men of wit and arrogance, is much less difficult than criminal. A worthless book produces no great evil in literature; it dies soon, and naturally; but that undue severity of criticism, which lessens by one page the contributions of genius to the cause of human improvement, is a serious and great calamity.

'The elegant author of the Calamities of Authors, asks, "who are the authors marked out for such attack?" "Scarcely," he says, "one of the race of scribblers; for wit will not lose one silver shaft on game; which struck, no one would take up. It must level at the historian, whose novel researches throw a light on the depths of antiquity; on the poet, who, addressing himself to the imagination, perishes, if that solve avenue to the heart be closed on him."

'Such are the class of authors, who are the chief objects of this sort of criticism, which has sent some nervous authors to their graves, and embittered the existence of many whose talents we all regard.

'**HAWKESWORTH** died of criticism; TASSO was driven mad by it; and even the calm NEWTON kept hold of life only by the sufferance of a friend, who withheld a criticism on his chronology, for no other reason, but his conviction, that if published while he was alive, it would put an end to him.

'**HAWKESWORTH**, says Dr. Kippis, in his biography of Captain Cook, was "invited to write the account of the late Voyages to the South Seas, a fatal undertaking, and which, in its consequences, deprived him of peace of mind, and of life itself." An innumerable host of enemies

attacked it in the newspapers and magazines; some pointed out blunders in matters of science, and some exercised their wit in poetical translations and epigrams; but these, however much they might hurt his feelings as an author, did not probably make him suffer as a man, so much as those who censured him for the frequent heresy of his sentiments, and the indecency of not a few of his narratives. Nor is it surprising that he should have felt irritated, and vexed, and mortified, that such a reception should be given to a work, of which he thought he might be proud, and from which he drew so great an emolument (£6000). But no respect for the services he had before rendered to religion or virtue, by his papers in the *Adventurer*, and his Notes to Swift's Letters, could obliterate the impression of his apostacy in the remarks which he introduced into the account of the Voyage Round the World; and it could not but aggravate the pain which both his friends and himself felt, when they considered, that whatever was objectionable in this work, had come from his pen without provocation, and without necessity, either from the nature of the undertaking, or the expectation of the public.

'TASSO had a vast and prolific imagination, accompanied with an excessively hypochondriacal temperament. The composition of his immortal epic, by giving scope to the boldest flights, and calling into effect the energies of his exalted and enthusiastic genius, whilst with equal ardour it led him to entertain hopes of immediate and extensive fame, laid most probably the foundation of his succeeding derangement. His susceptibility and tenderness of feeling were great; and when his sublime work met with unexpected opposition, and was even treated with contempt and derision, the fortitude of the poet was not proof against the keen sense of disappointment. He twice attempted to please his ignorant and malignant critics, by recomposing his poem; and, during the hurry, the anguish and irritation attending these efforts, the vigour of a great mind was entirely exhausted, and in two years after the publication of his "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," the unhappy bard became an object of pity and of terror.

'NEWTON, with all his philosophy, was so sensible to critical remarks, that Whiston tells us, he lost his favour, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for no man was of "a more fearful temper." Whiston declares, that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology in his lifetime, "because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him; as Dr. Bentley, Bishop Stillingfleet's chaplain, told me, that he believed Mr. Locke's thorough confutation of the bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity, hastened his end."

'**Dr. Johnson.**—Soon after the publica-

tion of the Life of Savage, which was anonymous, Mr. Walter Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, the projector of the Gentleman's Magazine, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work. The next time Cave met Harte, he told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of Savage's Life. "How could that be?" says Harte; "none were present but you and I." Cave replied, "You might observe I sent a plate of victuals behind the screen. There skulked the biographer, *one* Johnson, whose dress was so shabby, that he durst not make his appearance. He over-heard our conversation; and your applauding his performance, delighted him exceedingly."

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length to which our review of two highly interesting works has been extended, must be our apology for the omission of our usual notice of the fine arts, and the communications of several correspondents.

We can assure—that 'Everybody' did not see his letter of the 3rd of April.

The favours of Eliza, Cambro, Sam Spritsail, H. A., and Nemo, are intended for insertion.

Erratum, p. 295, c. 2, l. 5, for 'discover' read 'certain.'

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